

press him. We were prosperous, highly educated daughter remained to cheer and console her father, and his eldest son, with his family, occupied the homestead, and the younger sons, who were numerous, were where, most pleasant. *He could not sleep without powerful anodynes.* Without knowing why, and you know it happened frequently happened you in your practice, in the case than physical suffering or physical change, and my questions to him were pointed and searching, so much so that I found that I was on the right road, and I became conscious of possessing power over him. I told him frankly I was not satisfied with all the statements made, but believed there were more to his case than the suffering. He said, pointing to his head, "There was there. I said, it may be there, and no doubt is there, but it is not in the organ itself; it is in the emotions, and feelings, and impressions." I said, "I will try to lead you to be traced to the heart, and so believing I knew he had not treated his family and physician fairly in withholding from them anything that could help him, I said, "I will try to lead you with emphasis said, *you must confide in me and tell me all.* He asked me the duties of physicians as recipients of secrets, and I repeated that noble oath of Hippocrates, and he said, "I have heard of it, but I have not seen it in the profession repeated in

trespassed upon by courts, kings, or princes; and in his case I should be provoked to do so. I was, however, not so wanted, and requesting the room to be cleared and closed, he asked me to get pen and paper and write down what I was about to tell me. And promising to be very strictly confidential, he made a junction of secrecy during his life, and having received my promise that should be obeyed in every particular, he asked me to write down the names of the murdered Markley family and the execution of the nephew for the murder? I told him I did most vividly. With much feeling he then said: I cannot tell you the number of times I have thought of the murder. Now Doctor, write down what I tell you, and after I am dead, if you think it right, and if the feelings and the names I have told you are in it, let it be published. I heard young Markley was in the neighborhood, skulking about barns and negro quarters, and enough to tell me. I invited him to come to my house, and he sat down and wrote and finished him with food and whiskey for two days before the murder. On Saturday evening I told my family I heard of a man who was ill, and that he was very lax in his morals, and he would

go over to Markley's and got Susan to come over and spend the night with them. This was, and is, a very nice place. I saw them reach my house, and going to Markley's, got his ax, went to his room and with one blow dispatched him, and with a second, his wife. With the same blow I cut off the head of the man who was debating how to proceed in regard to the two old people, who slept up stairs. I heard a step on the stairs, and there came the old man, and I cut him down. I walked up stairs and killed the old lady. I then set to work to fire the house if I several places; did so, and as I was about to leave, saw the vest on the foot of the bed, and I cut it off, and put it in my pocket and rode home. I awaited the full blaze of the house before I awoke young Markley, who was sleeping in my barn, and I cut him down, gave him three dollars and told him to fly for his life, as he there saw the house burning, and he would be accused of murder. He was very much alarmed, but, after leaving me, he said he would never be taken alive, as he would rather die than be hanged. He then rode to his home, through the mud up then knew that

the house had been set on fire. If I could
dental, he only feared he might be accus-
ed of murder. I was not alone. I was with
my own family and Susan until I found that
the house so fully in flames as to be impos-
sible for any one to enter. My only hope
was revenge for Markley's beating. I
hoped would marry me, when she had
no home; and, moreover, I believed I
should have prospered in my suit to Susan.
Susan had not the backbone I needed. I
felt I was alone. I thought, "You cannot
cure!" I could not die without a comrade
in feeling. I have fasted longer, and re-
mained longer without sleep than any
living man. I have been alone longer than
for one hour at a time since, has this
scene been absent from my mind—w-
king or sleeping—alone or in company
it is all the same. "For myself I ask no
recompense," I said. "I will not ask
compulsing my relative, think that I
publish this confession, you have my
consent. I will take no prescription
and of a life, more miserable and suffer-
ing than I can describe or you think."
The Doctor closed, and afterward I asked
the result. "Life is all that night."
I said, "I will publish this confession."

his relatives, and for their sake did not publish it." "Is it known or talked of in the neighborhood?" "It was for some time, but not about the facts, and so long a time having elapsed, and little curiosity was excited; besides, the *Mercury's* possession so fixed the gullibility that no man, with the least good sense, would believe that poor, miserable, worthless wretch was the means Providence used to bring to punishment a hardenured blackened villain."

"The two men have, within a year, been executed in Ohio upon circumstantial testimony, and each under the gallows denied the murders for which he was hanged. Samuel Weaver, the murderer the *Register* family described, Warren County, was executed last summer upon circumstantial testimony—I may detail the facts in a subsequent issue. The man, John Smith, who was hanged in Washington, Fayette County, denying the murder of Cook to the last moment. I will afford review to the Ohio case, and to the case of neither case was there anything so strong, so damning, as the threats of Markley and the possession of the vessel. The loss of a thumb in *Cover's* case

down all in escaping. Three victims of the Russia family, seven in the Newberry—
—a vest in one case, the loss of a thumb in the other, hanging both men. One is well known to be innocent, and Sam Covert died asserting "that the guilty man would be known." Markley's and Covert's characters hang here. They were bad men, but are all bad men hung.
MURKIN.

—We find the following in the correspondence of a Radical paper, "A freed man living near Riceville, Va., had a quarrel with his wife about a month ago when he deliberately took his little son with an axe. The boy was then thrown into the woods, as prey for wild beasts and the fowls of air, and he disappeared in a few days. He was then discovered."

—More than half the income tax returns from three States—Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania.

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